Stories and College Themes

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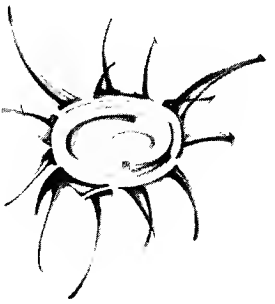


EMORY

Ama B. C. Lodge

from my friend

Margaret H. Bartall

12. I - 09

STORIES AND COLLEGE THEMES

1898—1905

MARGARET MILLAN WHITALL

PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1908

A DAY IN GERMANTOWN IN 1777 1898

IT was late one afternoon, a day or two after the Battle of Germantown, when two little girls were sitting over the kitchen fire of a big old-fashioned house (at least it is old-fashioned now).

"Doesn't it seem strange, Rachel, to have all these wounded soldiers in the house? I don't like it one bit, for we have to keep out of that part of the house, and what right have they here?"

"Nonsense, Dorothy; they are brave men who have been fighting for their country. When I went through the hall to-day I saw a great stain of blood on the floor and old Debby said it would never come off. It was that of some brave man."

"Truly? And did not the dreadful firing frighten you, Rachel?"

"No. I knew we were safe, and I wish I

were grown up so I could go and help nurse the wounded soldiers. Do you know, Dorothy, that there are two British soldiers here? One, Debby says, will die, the other she thinks is not so badly hurt as he seems, but is acting as a spy, and she thinks he knows something about the gunpowder, hidden under the barn floor, that is to be sent to Washington's camp, for they are in need of all they can get. If father were less kind-hearted he would send the wretch away, but he won't, for he has no proof. That is what Debby told me."

Just then an elderly woman entered. " Run away, my dears," she said, " for I must cook supper for the fine British officer who has come for his dying friend, Mr. Graeme, and he will take that other spying wretch with him. 'Tis but little I like to cook for a British soldier!"

The girls obediently went upstairs to their room. It was at the back of the house and one window looked out over the rambling garden, while the other had a good view of the barnyard.

Dorothy looked out toward the barn. " Come here, Rachel. Look at what a fine

horse the officer has, and see that black one—he must belong to his servant."

"Hush, Dorothy; come here and listen to what these men are saying. Where is father? Oh, I forgot he went to Chestnut Hill this morning. I wish he were here."

Dorothy looked out and saw, through the mist, three men, half hidden by the shrubbery, talking. One, who was leaning on a stick, was evidently the man Debby had spoken of in so uncomplimentary a way, the others were the officer and his man. The officer was speaking to his servant.

"Brown, you had better go straight to the Colonel's and get a detachment of men and a wagon for Mr. Graeme. Tell the men to keep over in the woods until ten o'clock, when I will join them after Graeme is started on his way. Order them to be pretty still, for if it were known we were after the powder these rebels would start up on the instant and we would have a hard time, for they're a tough lot when they are once roused up. Now go. Remember, ten in the woods, and the wagon for Graeme as soon as possible. Much obliged to

you, Jones, for having found out about this powder, as we want to get all we can away from them, and quietly, too."

Brown hastened to get his horse, and the officer and Jones disappeared in the direction of the house. Rachel and Dorothy looked at each other in dismay.

"I wish father were here. I don't know what we can do, for there are no men around worth speaking of, either here or at the neighbors'."

The house was on the Main Street, quite a distance up, with but few other dwellings near, and most of the men were away fighting for their country.

Neither of the girls spoke for a minute and then, a bright thought striking Rachel, she whispered a few words to Dorothy and both put on their cloaks and crept out.

No one missed them, as all were busy with the wounded men, Debby especially, for in spite of her hatred of the English she was too kind-hearted not to help in making Mr. Graeme comfortable for his ride. It was with a sigh of relief that she locked up for the night, when the last of the British departed.

It was ten o'clock, and not a soul was stirring, when a body of horsemen came swiftly up the lane and into the yard, where they dismounted and fastened their horses. The barn was not locked, and they entered without trouble. Two horses were quickly harnessed to a cart standing near, and Jones pointed out the hiding-place. They then started in to remove the kegs, when they were interrupted by a loud voice:

"Surrender, in the name of the Congress!"

Men poured in through both doors. In less time than it takes to tell it every British soldier there was on the floor, bound hand and foot, for so entirely were they taken by surprise that there was no time for resistance, and besides, they were completely outnumbered.

The Americans busied themselves with loading the cart, while the British looked on, helpless.

When the Americans were done they left for Washington's camp with their prize, and accompanied by the crestfallen British.

The greatest treasure Rachel and Dorothy

possessed was a letter, signed " George Washington," thanking them for their brave deed in walking so many miles that dark, stormy night to save the gunpowder.

THE MOUSE WHO LOST HIS TAIL

1898

MANY, many years ago one wet afternoon, three small, gray mice sat disconsolately in a dark crack in the thick walls of the old house. A very aged mouse was sleeping near. His body was covered with deep wrinkles; he was large and bony, and had long teeth sticking out of his mouth, also his tail was gone entirely. The three small mice gazed at him with impatience.

"When will he wake?" grumbled one, while a second more daring flipped his tail across the ancient back.

The old mouse shook himself and opened his eyes fiercely; the three little scamps trembled. After looking at them suspiciously for a minute, the old one smiled as benignly as a mouse is capable of smiling, and asked why they did not do something.

The three small mice answered that there

was nothing to do, for the cat was in the pantry and the children were playing in the garret.

"Pray, dear Grandfather Tit, pray tell us a story," said the bravest of the three. "Tell us how you lost your tail; tell us about the times when you were young."

"Do, do!" echoed the others.

Grandfather Tit glanced sorrowfully at the place where his tail ought to have been, and then, clearing his throat, he began his tale in a high, cracked voice.

"It was a hundred years ago this very day when I was born. I am the only one left of all my brothers and sisters who were born at the same time. All are dead and gone and I am left alone!" Here a tear glistened in the still bright eye of the old mouse. "Yes, all are gone, and I am weary of life." He was interrupted by a sigh of impatience escaping the three little mice, and he ceased his reverie and continued his tale.

"I was born in the house of Sir Walter Raleigh's Aunt, and there I lived a life of luxury. In the daytime I nestled among old carpets and dusty curtains in the garret, and

at night I gamboled in the deserted drawing-rooms with my friends, or visited the larder and feasted off the good things stored there. My, it makes me long for the by-gone days to think of the dainties in her ladyship's pantry. I was a handsome youth then, and a favorable impression I made on all the pretty ladies who liked better to dance with me—Why?" looking up as the unmistakable sound of a mouse-laugh broke on his ear, "what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," cried the three, hastily; "go on, dear Grandfather, go on."

The old mouse resumed his tale. "As I was saying, the pretty girls preferred me to all the other youths of our circle. A gay time we had of it, you may be sure. Well, to go on, young Walter Raleigh used often to come to stay at the house of his Aunt. A fine young man, a fine young man; but Miss Clara Squeakmouse would insist that I was better looking, when we peeked at him from behind the old Indian Cabinet.

"As young Walter grew up into a fine young courtier he became a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth, and I used to hear him

tell tales about his life at court. One fine day, I being young and curious, I hid myself in the pocket of Sir Walter's velvet cloak when I knew he was going to court. I didn't see much, after all, but only got terribly joggled. I heard the Queen was going for a walk. The walking motion put me to sleep. Suddenly I was wakened by being banged on the ground, evidently into a mud-puddle, for I heard the splash of the water; then I became insensible, though before doing so I felt a sharp pain in my back.

"When I came to I found myself lying on the floor of Sir Walter's room. I glanced at my back. Horrors! My tail, the pride of my life, my chief beauty and the admiration of all my acquaintances, was gone!

"How miserable I felt! What unhappy days followed! All my former friends deserted poor tailless me. The ladies danced with others and bestowed nothing but contemptuous glances on me, once the handsomest of them all!

"From my hole in the pantry wall, where I drearily sat without a friend, I heard the but-

ler and his assistant talking together and I gathered from their conversation that Sir Walter had thrown his cloak down to cover a mud-puddle so that the Queen might not spoil her dainty shoes, and that the Queen was highly pleased and was heaping honors on Sir Walter.

" From this I understood how my misfortune had happened, and concluded that it must have been the sharp edge of the high heel of the Queen's shoe that had done the damage, and now I determined to inform my fickle companions how I had lost my beautiful tail.

" At first they listened with scorn, but in the end I convinced them of its truth, and then, indeed, I received honors such as I in my greatest dreams had never hoped for. I married one of the belles of our set, who literally flung herself at my head. All the same, the marriage was a happy one. We had many children and my wife and I lived together contentedly for many a year, but she has been dead now for these last fifty years. That is my story, and it is but— What is the matter? I cannot see. Something creeps over my—" With a huge groan the old mouse rolled over on his side, and he lived no longer.

ALONE IN THE FOREST

1904

THE great green spaces of the forest loom up in front, draw near, and vanish behind me as others take their places in unending succession. The trail, that mysterious forest guide, winds along uncertainly by bushes, fallen trees, and mossy bogs. High above the tree-tops the wind is blowing, and is sending faint stirrings far down among the branches, bringing me pungent whiffs of balsam from the pine trees on the slopes. Now and then I hear the voices of the others in the distance, delightfully in the distance. To all intents I am alone in the forest with only the trail as a companion. The green tree-branches overhead, the soft sinking moss beneath my feet, the squirrel who pauses for a moment in his journey to look at me and then hurries on again, are all close to me; they are my friends. In the great solitude I feel at one with them.

There is no trace of man save the blazes on the trees, and they have grown dark and faint from time and weather. Down here by the deep pool, where the ferns grow in tall plumy masses, there are prints of deer-hoofs in the soft mud. I sit on a moss-grown rock and wait. Perhaps even now the deer will come for a drink. Golden squares of sunlight lie on the water and the dragon-flies dart back and forth in an airy chase. There is a rustling in the bushes, and I listen, immovable. But no—after all it is too early for the deer. What need have they for water way up on the breezy hilltops?

Once more I wander on again. How silent it has grown! The wind has died away and the sunlight has fled, but that is not all. The spaces around me seem actually weighted with the quiet. Suddenly the meaning of it all dawns upon me; the voices of the others are quite silent, and I feel that they are far beyond my hearing. But the trail. Surely that is enough. I look eagerly at the nearest tree, yet even before I look I know that I shall find no blaze. Blindly I hurry from tree to tree,

feeling them up and down with impotent haste. There is no blaze, not even a trace of one, and my hands are torn by the rough bark. I call aloud, and wait an instant and call again. No answer comes; no echo breaks the stillness, and great waves of awful silence beat against me. The shadows of the trees, the green depths among the branches, have changed their aspect. They have grown hostile now, they terrify me. Deep, silent anger seems to fill the forest.

"What right have such as you here in my very heart at night time, when I would be alone with myself and with my forest creatures?" is the voiceless question of the forest spirit that I seem to hear. And the woods are full of deer. They are coming, coming, in great herds, down the hillsides, through the valleys, coming from every direction. I can almost hear them. Recklessly I plunge forward. It is cold; I am stumbling through a stream. I can scarcely move; it is some treacherous bog. But all the time I am going on, now slowly, now swiftly. The deer are coming, coming, and the black rage of the forest is rising around me, is choking me.

At last, dimly at first and then more brightly, I see a light shining and I hear the lapping of water on the shore. It is the lake and the others are coming in a boat. They are shouting; they are calling my name. Behind me I hear the patter of a thousand feet growing faint. It is the deer, and they are going back, for it is night time in the heart of the forest.

PIETRO BARTELLO 1904

"GET up, Pietro, thou sluggard, get up." The voice of the good Signora Bartello rose high and piercing in the room as she turned from the doorway. "The American ship is in sight and thou must bring me back many a good centimo this morning."

Pietro opened his eyes and sat up in his bed or rather in his corner of the big family bed which almost filled the whole of the tiny room. To hear the voice of his mother was to obey, to the cautious Pietro, and at this hour of the day most certainly she was not to be trifled with. His blue shirt was soon jerked over his head, and this completing his cursory toilet, he ran out the door and down the street.

The morning mists had scarcely lifted from the Bay of Naples, and Pietro could see nothing of Vesuvius save a patch of smoky clouds. Here, on the long street that ran along the water's edge, all was busy confusion. Men,

women, children, and flies swarmed out of the doorways; donkeys laden with flowers and fruit stumbled along; and heavy baskets which were being lowered from the upper windows swayed dangerously above the heads of the passers-by. Great lines of yellow macaroni hanging along the gutters seriously interfered with every one's progress, and Pietro incurred the wrath of many a cross-tongued owner when he bumped against the supports and made a line sway precariously, as he dodged along.

To Pietro there was nothing unusual or even interesting in all these things. The bright yellow-and-pink houses, and gay flowers, and crowding, chattering people, were quite an every-day and on the whole a stupid occurrence for him. Even diving for pennies which foreigners tossed down from the high decks of the steamer grows to be rather monotonous when one does it every few days, and never benefits by all the centimos one collects.

In a few minutes Pietro had reached the landing and, after inspecting the scene for a moment, he scrambled into a small skiff full of fruit which an old woman was just pushing off.

She stood bare-footed in the stern with a magenta-colored shawl pinned over her head, and sculled slowly out into the harbor. At sight of Pietro she grunted crossly and lifted her oar. Fortune, however, favored the boy, for by bending forward deftly he saved a basket of gaudy flowers from slipping overboard. With a shrug of her shoulders the old woman turned back to her work and Pietro sat down in the bow, his long, brown legs hanging over the edge and splashing in the warm sea water.

The clouds around Vesuvius were lifting and the town of Naples lay like a great bright garden in the sunlight. But Pietro's eyes were turned away from all this. He was looking out across the deep blue water and wondering what lay beyond the bay. There was something very wonderful he knew, something very fascinating and alluring, which had drawn many of his people away from their homes. They had never come back, and his acquaintance with the foreigners who came and went in such unending succession, had never passed beyond the laughing nod and handful of coins in

return for his gay songs and beguiling arts of begging. Pietro's soul was filled with a longing for the unknown beyond where there would be no begging and no scolding eagerness for centimos. He rather preferred an attitude of stolid indifference to such material things as centimos, and this philosophy of his served him well. It enabled him to lead a placid existence, merely subservient to the will of the powers that be and illuminated by dreams of that mysterious world which sometime in the future, perhaps when he was fourteen or fifteen, he would discover for himself.

Meanwhile, though Pietro might be dreaming of unknown things, the old woman in the magenta shawl was working busily and by dint of much edging, pushing and scolding had worked her way close up to the side of the great ship. A whole flotilla of small boats full of fruit and flowers was gathered about. Everywhere men and boys were standing on the rails of the boats, calling and gesticulating to the passengers above, who stood on the deck in sleepy, bewildered rows, confused, but wholly fascinated by the scene. All around

them was the great blue Bay of Naples; in the distance loomed the dark foreboding peak of Vesuvius, that symbol of a terrible past; and beneath them lay the busiest, noisiest, brightest throng of boats and people they had ever seen.

The increased uproar aroused Pietro from his dreams to a realization of the activities his duty required and in a moment he was as busy and lively as any one. There was no other boy who could dive so gracefully as Pietro and who was so sure of catching every penny that was thrown to him. Everyone watched his lithe brown figure admiringly as it slipped through the blue water like a flash, and it was not long before his mouth was full of coins thrown to him from all along the ship's side. At last, feeling that he had done enough for the day, he turned to swim back to the skiff, where he had left his shirt.

"Piccolo ragazzo! Piccolo ragazzo!" Pietro turned in surprise. Looking out from a port-hole just above his head was a little girl. She was quite different from any other little girl; Pietro recognized that at a glance. She had beautiful golden hair, the color of the

robes the priest wore at high festivals, and her face was like one of the little white flowers that grow in the fields below Vesuvius. She flung a penny down close to him, but Pietro did not notice it until she gave a disappointed cry and threw another. Faintly blushing with shame and excitement, he sank down only to come up in a moment with the coin firmly held between his white teeth and a triumphant smile on his expressive little face. The small girl clapped her hands delightedly and would have thrown him another, but some one in the cabin came and pulled her away. She could only call, "Good-bye, piccolo ragazzo; good-bye," in a funny, slow, foreign way and wave her hand.

Pietro turned back reluctantly and was somewhat alarmed to find that the old woman and his blue shirt had disappeared. However, there were plenty of other boats, and he quickly climbed into one and hid behind a bale. But what should he do now? He must be on the dock when the flower-faced child came in to shore, and he must find something to put on. But, after all, this to an Italian street boy was not much of a problem. The boats were often

crowded close together and it was easy for him to stretch out his arm and help himself to another shirt lying in the next boat. It was rather nicer than his old one, and for the first time in his life he felt a decided interest in his appearance.

One by one the boats rowed into shore and their rowers flung the gay masses of unsold flowers up on the dock, for there was still another chance when the passengers were landed. Small boys darted into the crowd, continually bumping against the breathless old women who were hurrying about trying to arrange their wares attractively, but Pietro, usually in the midst of this confusion, sat apart. Long and patiently he scanned the boat-loads. There were plenty of little girls, even some with yellow hair, but Pietro knew from the merest glance that she was not one of them. Time went on and visions of the just wrath of the good Signora Bartello surged up somewhere in the background of Pietro's imagination, and these visions grew more prominent as the sun rose higher and higher. She came on the last launch and a tall, long-nosed woman in black

held her tightly by the hand. Pietro knew at once that she was unhappy. He hurried forward. Would she see him? He trembled with excitement at the thought. But no,—the gentleman hurried them down the dock and into the forbidden precincts of the custom-house before Pietro could edge his way through the crowd of pedlars and loungers.

It is best to pass over the greetings of Signora Bartello when, at a most untimely hour, Pietro returned to present her with his earnings. Suffice it to say that he needed all his small store of philosophy to preserve his equanimity. The good woman intended to lose no more time, and gathering up her lace work she hurried Pietro out into the principal streets. All through the long hot day he danced and sang and gathered centimos under his mother's piercing eye. If ever he wandered too far afield her shrill cry of, "Pietro, Pietro!" brought him back with great promptitude. The fates were dealing harshly with Pietro just now, for among all the crowd of foreigners the little girl with the white flower face never came by. One hope only was left to him

when the sun was setting over the hill of Virgil's tomb. Her people had had no baggage with them when they landed, and perhaps that night they would leave when the vessel started on again.

Signora Bartello's vigilance was beginning to relax. Dropping her lace pillow she entered into a sharp argument with another gossip, and Pietro saw his chance. It took but an instant to vanish behind the swaying lines of macaroni and run down a dark alley-way, quite regardless of the cries and curses of various irate housewives who were brushing their children's hair on the curb. There, out on the bay, but uncertainly seen in the dazzle of the sunset, the great ship still lay at anchor. There was bustle and confusion on the dock as her passengers hurried aboard the launch, spending their last change on flowers and fruit. Pietro waited quietly, watching the light on the water out toward the mouth of the harbor. He was thinking again of the unknown world beyond, and as he was thinking he heard her voice. It was pleading and tired. Pietro turned quickly and found her standing close to him, pointing

to a bunch of white flowers in a pedlar's basket. The long-nosed woman shook her head coldly. Pietro could not understand what they were saying, but the meaning of their motions was plain to him. He stepped forward, then paused an instant, but only an instant. With a deep breath he plunged his hand into the little pouch at his belt, drew out some money, and, to the intense amazement of the flower vender, bought the white bunch. Quickly he thrust them into the hands of the little girl. She looked up and smiled, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Thank you, piccolo ragazzo," she murmured, as Pietro hurried away. He watched her from the top of one of the dock piles, and as the boat and the little girl vanished into the golden path of the setting sun he waved his hand. "Good-bye, my white flower girl, good-bye 'til I come to see you."

The sun had set and the dock was deserted; the great ship was steaming out into the distance; and still Pietro waited. But when the last smoke-stack had vanished beyond the headland, he turned away. The day was over now,

and Pietro sat down on an empty box, just as he did every night, to count his earnings in order to discover what kind of a reception he might expect from the good Signora Bartello.

THE THINGS OF A CHILD'S HEART

1905

I.

THE fire in the cavernous fire-place burned fitfully. Every now and then a log slid down among the ashes, sending up a cloud of tiny sparks which flashed for a moment and then died out. The man sat in his library arm-chair with his hand resting lovingly on the back of his dog. The ticking of the old clock in the corner was the only sound that broke the stillness in the great dim room.

Outside the library door a small boy was standing with one hand on the knob. His pale little face stood out oddly against the dark shadows of the hall. Fear filled his heart, and he could not lift his hand to knock. Again and again it dropped back to his side. He dreaded the big tall man on the other side of the door, and yet he loved him and admired him more

than any one he knew. Why could not this uncle of his love him? Surely he was not so very unpleasant. He tried to be good and polite. His mother would never have loved him so much if he had been very horrid, and at that thought a big lump came up in his throat. And still he stood waiting, his damp little hand clenched over the door-knob.

Within, the man and the dog were still motionless and silent, save now and then when the man gently stroked the smooth head beneath his hand and master and dog looked affectionately into each other's eyes. Bitter thoughts were filling the man's mind and hardening his heart. He had sent for the child and he did not come. What an annoyance he was, at any rate, with his little pale face and trustful dark eyes that were so like Emily's. Hang it, why did he have to be reminded so constantly of Emily? Of course he had done right. She was a little fool to have married that man, and yet—well, he was trying to do his best in looking after her orphan child, and what more could any one ask of him? Harold was to have the best education possible and every com-

fort that he might need. He was such a trouble, too. No one seemed to understand him, and his tutors were always complaining. A fractious, stupid little thing who always looked unhappy, and this was, to say the least, ungrateful.

What was keeping him now? The man looked at the clock, which showed but uncertainly in the light of the fire, and sprang to his feet impatiently. He strode quickly across the room and flung open the door. Startled, he stepped back. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Harold?" he demanded impatiently. "Standing there when I've been waiting this last hour."

The boy looked up appealingly and tried to speak. His uncle softened as he looked into the big dark eyes that were fastened on him. "Never mind. Come on in," he said, more kindly, and went back to his seat by the fire. Once again he rested his hand lovingly on his dog's head.

"Harold, Mr. Peterson says your work is very unsatisfactory. Speak out. What's the trouble?"

The child at last found his voice and tried to explain. "Nonsense, my boy; Mr. Peterson is an excellent tutor. You must do better. Brace up and be a man. What? You only want me to love you, you say? Why, of course, that is——"

But his voice grew hard as he spoke. The boy shrank back. "Your mother made me very angry once," the man went on. "She disobeyed my wishes, and I can never——"

His mother had done wrong, his beautiful mother whom he could never forget! Something in the boy's head seemed to be whirling round and round. Tumultuous thoughts surged up, but he could not voice them.

Suddenly he realized there was some one else in the room. It was the footman. "Tell Mr. Gray I will be there in a moment," said the man.

"Run on now, Harold, and don't bother me any more with these absurd ideas about loving you. Attend to your work and be a good boy."

Then he turned to his dog. "Lie down, Prince, old fellow. You can't come with me

this time." He gave the dog a last kindly stroke on the head and left the room without a glance at Harold. The boy stood very still as he watched his uncle leave the room. Then, quietly and softly, he too went out into the hall and closed the door.

The front door stood wide open. Evidently the footman had gone out for something. Harold went and leaned against the open door. The chill evening air blew soothingly on his throbbing head. Snow was falling gently but steadily and piling itself in white masses on the branches of the park trees.

"He loves Prince, he loves Prince very much," the child murmured to himself. "But he doesn't love me, and I have tried so very hard. He doesn't love my mother, either. He only loves Prince, just a dog, and he is sorry when he leaves him."

Then a thought came to the child's mind. This man did not love him, he only loved a dog. A dumb rage seized him. The door was open; it looked so beautiful out there in the snow. Yes, he would go away from this man who could not love a little boy who loved him.

The footman started as he came up the stone steps. Something dark and small seemed to have darted by him, half hidden in the falling snow. He turned, but there was nothing save the dark trees and the snow. Half laughing at himself he hurried into the warm hall and closed the door.

II.

It was just at sunset and the passengers gathered silently on deck. There, in the midst of the crowd, lay the body of a young sailor who had been killed by a falling spar. It was wrapped in a sail-cloth and the flag was partly covering it. One or two of the passengers came up and looked sympathetically at the still white face under the masses of dark hair. Last of all there came an elderly man, who was all alone except for an old dog who always followed his master feebly up and down the long deck. The man stopped and gazed long at the face before him. What was troubling him? Was it some dim memory? He shivered and stooped down. That pale face, older now, and with stern lines around the mouth, that dark

thick hair— But an officer stepped up and hurried him aside. The ship's chaplain had begun the service. It was all over in one solemn moment, and before the sound of the dull splash had died away the crowd had scattered. The man stood by the rail with his hand on the old dog's head. Silently he gazed far down into the dark green of the sea and watched the eddying bubbles as they spread in wide circles. It was almost as if he were trying to read in them the story of all those many years that had gone by since that night when the snow was falling in the park at home.

But these vanishing ripples could tell him nothing of the struggles, the failures, the happiness perhaps, that was ended now. The sun set slowly in the West and left a wonderful golden glow behind it. Quietly the two watchers turned away and went below.

INTO THE MIST

"SIX, seven, eight!" counted the Boy gleefully, as he watched his stone skip across the water. Then he turned on down the beach. The damp salt wind blew his hair around his freckled little face and the water splashed over his bare brown feet. Somewhere back on the sand lay his white cap, his stockings and bran-new sneakers. He scorned these unnecessary touches, with which his precise young Aunt had dressed him when she left him safe on the sea-wall with his fairy tales.

Usually nothing could tempt him away from these, but to-day he had quite forgotten the charms of the elves that lived in the forest trees, the fairies and gnomes that came out when the moon was full, and all the other strange little creatures he so firmly believed in. For the fog was coming in, that great, mysterious, white cloud which softly drifts in over the bay, wrapping even the hills in its misty

mantle. The Boy had never seen the fog until this summer and at first he had watched in silent awe. And then he had begun to wonder where it came from and why it came, as he always wondered in his queer little way about everything. There was no one about him he cared to ask, no one who understood his thoughts and fancies. So he studied it all out for himself, sitting on the wall, a mere slip of a boy lost in the fog.

Of course some one must be king of the fog, for there was the Old Man of the Sea, and —oh, hundreds of others. His home was way, way out upon the ocean where the fogs come from, a vague, misty, but beautiful place. And here with the king dwelt myriads of fog fairies. But no ordinary mortal must see fairies, so when they came in to the shore they were hidden safely by the thick mist. They had so many duties to perform; first of all, to put some more lovely blue color and sparkle into the water, for when that great enemy the sun came and drove the fog away was not the water lovelier than ever? Then, too, they washed away all the dust from the rocks and

bushes. And when all their work was done they wafted themselves around the vessels in the harbor and talked to the ship fairies. For of course, as every sensible person must know, each boat, no matter how tiny, has a fairy belonging to it. The fog fairies whispered to them of the great ocean out beyond, of the fresh breezes that blow, and the beautiful waves on whose curling combs the mermaids floated.

It had long been a puzzle to the Boy what became of these ship fairies when the ships went down. But now he knew. Of course the fog fairies came sooner or later and took them away to that beautiful distant home of theirs. He was wondering to-day if ever they took children out there. How he would love to go! But, then, how nice it was to be here on the beach. Before him the eager tide just beginning to come in over the stones, and behind him, the hills faintly streaked with the gold and purple of the golden-rod and aster, and in between the bushes, glowing in all the red brown hues of autumn.

All this time the fog was stealing nearer,

hiding boat after boat in its fold, and the wind blew cold on the Boy's bare legs. He fairly revelled in it as he flew along, hastening toward the great dark rocks he loved. Not often could he come here, but now the tide was low and there was no restraining grown-up who talked of slippery climbing, dangerous tides, and such dull things. He clambered on, looking for one particular place, a small cave on the water's edge only approachable when the tide was low.

But he couldn't hurry now that he was on the rocks. There were too many things to look at. The crabs scuttling around at their edge and hustling out from the brown seaweed in search of food; the star-fish proudly resting on some quite high stone; the innumerable snails, and other sea animals. Perhaps some of these very same creatures would be fairies some day. The Boy almost envied them. Why they might even go out to the mist land. Every once in a while a fish darted through some of the deeper pools and he watched it with eager eyes as it flew back to sea again.

When he had found the cave and jumped

down into it he was entirely lost from sight. A whole army of crabs scrabbled away as he sat down in a nice seaweedy corner where he could look out at the fog. It was coming in now thickly, and the wind that came with it blew the tops of the rising waves into flurrying foam. The Boy snuggled down and strained his drowsy eyes into the dense white. If only he could see one of these strange creatures who come so mysteriously. Then, somehow, he seemed to forget the fog, it was so comfortable and cosey in his rocky bed.

And after a while quite suddenly he was looking up. Right in front of him was a dense mass of fog which as he looked seemed to take shape. It was a very misty, indefinite shape, but the Boy knew it. Then as it became clearer he saw her eyes that glimmered like the green water just underneath the foamy top of a wave when it begins to break. And with her came a whiff of the saltiest sea-breeze that ever blew.

The Boy was a polite child and never forgot his manners. "How do you do, Miss Fog Lady?" he said, sedately; "I am so glad you found me."

"How did you know me, Boy?" she asked, and her voice was like the incoming tide on the beach. Indeed, any one but the Boy would never have distinguished it.

"I have been waiting for you a long, long time, and now won't you tell me some of the nice things you tell the ship fairies?"

The Boy never noticed it, but the fog lady's eyes seemed to grow very sad as he spoke.

"Why do you want to hear of us and of our mist home, child? Aren't you happy here?"

"Not always," answered the Boy. "Grown-ups are so strange; they don't care to come out on the beach and watch the sea things, and they don't believe in fairies. Except my Daddy, he does, and he tells me lots about them, but he is way off now in some place with a funny name. He is a soldier, you see," he finished, with pride.

The mist lady seemed to smile then.

"Would you like to see our King, Boy?"

"Could I, really?" eagerly. "He must be so nice and know such lots of things living way out in the middle of the world. Don't

you think he would tell me things if I were careful not to bore him?"

"But if you went you could never come back to play here again."

"Never see Daddy again?" he asked, wistfully.

"Yes, little boy, sometimes he too will come out to the Mist King."

As she spoke she seemed to be gazing beyond him, looking into the years to come.

"And will you bring him, too?" he questioned.

"I know not. It is as the King commands."

Now quite suddenly the Boy felt the cold of the sea-water. He heard the waves all about him seething in restless impatience to be gone. And then—the mist fairy was coming nearer.

"The King has sent for you, Boy. He is waiting now," and her voice was as part of the waves themselves, but the Boy heard.

He was floating out on the fog, further and further, into the mist. . . . The waves boomed loudly in the cave, and the fog bells sounded away in the distance.

As the sun was setting the fog lifted. The waters of the bay sparkled bluer than ever, and all things gleamed fresh and bright. Down on the beach the receding tide left one little shoe lying white on its edge.

IN MEETING

1904

"And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart."

—WHITTIER.

I.

"AND if we wait patiently for this guiding," went on Friend Zebedee Taylor, beginning a fresh point. The slight rise in his droning tones brought Elizabeth back to her surroundings. Her thoughts had been far away from the meeting-house and the peaceful life of her little community in Chester Valley. She had forgotten that Friend Zebedee was preaching. With a faint flush of shame she straightened up on the narrow bench and tried to listen. She could not keep her eyes fixed on the rugged face of the speaker, around whose mouth the stern lines hardened as he went on. Across the aisle Philip was sitting

on the men's side with three or four others, and she stole a quick look at him. He was really different from the others, who seemed to have lost all life and intelligence from their faces as they sat listening immovably. This very difference of type rejoiced Elizabeth. Now her eyes turned toward the window, and she saw the midday sun glaring down on the long, unvaried road she walked along so often to meeting and home again.

Once more she looked at Friend Zebedee. Would the spirit never move him to sit down? Had he no kindly sympathy for her? It must have been forty years since he had passed meeting, and perhaps he had forgotten how long the preceding hour then seemed. Just a month before she and Philip had stood up together in monthly meeting and he had said, "With divine permission and the approbation of the Friends, I intend marriage with Elizabeth Wall." And after Philip she had repeated the words in her turn. To-day they would hear the final decision of the Friends, the words which gave to Elizabeth her release from this narrow and, as she considered it, mistaken life.

Friend Zebedee was bringing his sermon to a close. He sat down ponderously, stiff with rheumatism. With that curious giving of attention to little things in some vivid moment, Elizabeth thought if he would only get up quickly again to give the decision of the meeting his stiffness would not be so painful. Nothing broke the outward stillness now save the drowsy hum of the locusts. Elizabeth could not bear the clamor of her own thoughts, and restlessly she sought occupation by looking at Friend Hannah Hoops sitting in the gallery. Her bonnet strings were thrown loosely on her shoulders and her pearl-gray shawl was unpinned, showing her spotless white kerchief. She sat with closed eyes and Elizabeth only saw the dull outlines of a wrinkled, homely face. The meaning of its deep lines was not revealed to Elizabeth, nor could she penetrate into the spiritual peacefulness that rested on the heart of the old Friend. She only pitied her for the monotony of her life, the monotony she herself would soon leave with Philip.

There was a stir in the gallery; slowly and laboriously Friend Zebedee was getting up.

In the same droning tones he began to speak again. He explained how after waiting long for divine guidance, and how after much meditation, the committee had come to a decision. Elizabeth watched a bee blundering lazily against the window frame. Why did the foolish creature want to come in here?"

"We have finally decided that a marriage between Philip Cary and Elizabeth Wall cannot meet with our approbation."

Everything stood out in clear outline before Elizabeth's intent gaze. The bare brown walls, a huge rusty stove in the corner, the rows of narrow, uncomfortable benches, the half dozen unmoving, unbending men and women, and this was the outward symbol of her religion. The religion she had always abided by, though it had seemed to make her life barren and monotonous, was cutting her off from all she desired. She had almost forgotten Philip now, even when the meaning of Friend Zebedee's words had come home to her. It was of all the hopes that had filled her heart, all the new interests he was bringing into her life, she was thinking. Might she not pray that some-

time Friend Zebedee would know how cruelly he had dealt with her, she questioned to herself. Philip was not a good Friend; she had always known this, but she had never dreamed of any serious opposition, perhaps some delay such as, in point of fact, had preceded her family's consent.

In the perfect quiet after the announcement no one moved, no one glanced at Elizabeth. After long spaces of waited time, it seemed to her, Zebedee Taylor put on his hat, and meeting was at an end. She rose and walked out the women's door. Hannah Hoops stood beside her. "Elizabeth, I have a letter which may be of service to thee," she said; "and thee may answer it as thee sees fit, only be sure thee gives sufficient attention to the directing of the spirit."

The letter was an offer of a position as teacher in the Friends' School of a Western town. It is to be feared Elizabeth did not wait for the guidance of the spirit in making her plans to accept this opportunity.

II.

The quiet of the meeting-house was broken by many restless movements, for the spirit of abiding peace had not fallen on the Friends in this Western town. As Elizabeth's uneasy glance rested on one face and then another, she found no spiritual calm. Once again Philip was sitting across the aisle, but this time he seemed scarcely different from the other men. When he had come to see her, Elizabeth had been glad and that was all. This strange indifference troubled her sorely, and she longed for some guiding hand. The months had slipped away uncounted, and she had grown accustomed to the broader, more worldly life around her. Indeed, in its stir her thoughts had seldom turned to Chester Valley. Philip had come, and curiously enough, he seemed to bring with him memories of that life he had never belonged to. To-day her mood was vivid and strained. Many things she had heretofore accepted with indifference became intolerable, and her spirit cried out against them.

The patterned paper on the walls, plush cushions on the benches, the gayer dressing of the Friends, all these became unbearable. Dimly she pictured the old meeting-house as it had been that last day when the sun came in on the bare brownness and the lazy hum of the locusts sounded from the woods.

Then, mercifully, her eye fell on a visiting Friend from Pennsylvania, sitting in the gallery. Very calm and peaceful she looked in her soft gray beside the nervous little lady in dark blue. She reminded Elizabeth of Hannah Hoops in the way she undid her bonnet strings and closed her eyes. Nothing would be more comforting than to hear Friend Hannah saying again, "How is thee to-day, Elizabeth? We have indeed had a good meeting." Hannah Hoops could tell her how she might find guidance.

Slowly and vaguely she was beginning to comprehend that she had never loved Philip, but the things in life he had stood for, and now she had found that these, too, were not as she had expected them to be. Surely there was something more excellent than these.

As she was thinking of this, one of the men got up and started a hymn in a voice Elizabeth felt to be trying, without knowing why very well. She glanced over at Philip to ask him, as it were, to share her pained disapproval. But Philip was singing with the others; she had never seen him sing before in meeting. She longed to escape from these forms, to find some quiet place to think. Unconsciously her thoughts turned to the meeting at home. There she might at least find rest and peace.

And then, almost unnoticed by Elizabeth, the Eastern Friend in the gallery rose and began to speak in the old half-musical way Elizabeth had heard since her childhood. She dwelt on the power and comfort of the " inner light," on all the old familiar themes, not very forcefully nor logically perhaps, but with gentle conviction, convincing in its turn. Elizabeth's thoughts lingered in the Chester Valley meeting-house, and now they were not concerned with mere forms and outward semblances. In the Quaker beliefs she had accepted because she had been born to them she had discovered something which might be, or

really was already, the very being and comfort of her life.

It seemed scarcely surprising to her, and not even very painful, when Philip said as they walked out of meeting, "How tiresome and rambling some of those old Friends can be."

Firmly, and with no disturbing doubts, she bade him farewell and told him she would still abide by the decision of the meeting.

MISS TABBY'S BIRTHDAY

1901

NEW VILLAGE was only a little place of no importance to the outside world. Truth to tell, it was not even considered worthy of a name, for it was merely a branch of another village. But to us, who lived there, New Village was the centre of all interest, though even we were forced to acknowledge that nothing very momentous ever happened within its bounds.

One year, however, something did happen which was not to be forgotten for many a long day. The something was Miss Tabitha Jenks' birthday party. The inhabitants of New Village were exceedingly fond of celebrating their birthdays, and there was considerable rivalry, especially among the girls, in regard to the number of gifts each received. So far this year, Amanda White had had more than any other, although Sophia Green had had

only one less. Sophia's friends declared that Amanda had gotten this extra gift and had induced the dressmaker's girl to give it to her; but the truth of this statement can never be known, as the girl in question has eloped to parts unknown.

Miss Tabby was a homely little spinster, a very insignificant sort of person, to whom no one ever thought of giving presents, and whose birthday was unknown. One day Mrs. Silas Briggs went over to Miss Tabby's to borrow some ginger, and, as she went by the best room window, she heard some one inside and peeked through the shutters. There sat Miss Tabby, holding an ugly little jar in her hands, and looking at it sadly, saying to herself, "The only birthday present I ever had, the only one, and my birthday is next week. How I should like to have a real birthday!" and then she wiped her eyes.

Mrs. Briggs just turned around and walked home again, feeling very queer. "I am going to give her a present and a birthday cake," she said to herself. "It isn't much to do, seeing how she helped me when the children

were sick. It's odd I never thought of it before."

When she reached home, she found Mrs. Bennet waiting to see her. "What were you doing at Tabby Jenks'?" asked that lady, and then Mrs. Briggs told her all about it. Jane Bennet suddenly remembered how Miss Tabby had helped with the cooking when her husband's family came to visit them. "And I never gave her anything but a kitten I was going to drown," she said.

At that moment, in walked Sophia Green, and, on hearing the story, she too was very sorry for Miss Tabby, and agreed to give her a tidy she was making and some plum jam. Sophia thought of a beautiful plan, which was nothing less than to give Miss Tabitha a surprise party. Everybody was to bring a present and some cake and jelly, etc. Mrs. Bennet didn't think enough people would do it, but Mrs. Briggs just put on her bonnet and went the round of the village, and, behold, every one was willing! There wasn't a soul Miss Tabby hadn't done something for. One woman said she had taken care of her children for her when

the baby was born; another that she helped with the night nursing when her Johnnie had the scarlet fever—in fact, everybody had been benefited by her kindness. But she was so quiet and insignificant that they had forgotten all about it.

The whole village was aroused and all bustled around in search of a gift for Miss Tabby. Mrs. Welling was going to give her a black silk dress of her mother's, which she had intended making over for her daughter. Mrs. Freeman was to give her a lace cap of her grandmother's, and Mrs. Jones took a purple and white cup and saucer from her best tea set for her. Even Amanda White, when she remembered how Miss Tabby had helped her with her party dress when the dressmaker was taken sick, said she would give her a coral brooch of her own. Every kitchen in the village was fragrant with the odor of pies and cakes and other dainties that the women knew how to concoct.

All this time, Miss Tabby remained in ignorance of the great event preparing, and on the momentous evening she was sitting in her

little parlor, with all her tea-things put away. How surprised she was when she heard a loud knock and opened her door, to find the whole village standing on her steps, their arms full of bundles, wishing her "A happy birthday!"

No one will ever forget that party. What gorgeous fun it was! Every one enjoyed herself more than ever before. Miss Tabby's house was so tiny some of the people had to eat on the doorsteps, and they stayed so late that the youngest children fell asleep in out-of-the-way corners. Miss Tabby was almost overcome, and no wonder, for she received eighteen tidies, three silk dresses, six breast-pins, four cups and saucers, twelve fancy aprons, two pairs of velvet slippers, a silver tea-spoon, and enough cake to last for a month! As one small urchin expressed it, "She beat Mandy White and Sophy Green all hollow!"

From that day on Miss Tabitha Jenks has been the most popular person in New Village.

A WORD PICTURE

1901

A BROAD bay, with not a breath of wind stirring. The sun casting a beautiful light across the still waters. A few fishing schooners drifting slowly on the tide, their great sails almost touching the water. The shore, a wide, rocky beach, with a background of hills, covered with rocks and low bushes. A quiet cove, with one or two boats at anchor. In the distance, the softened outlines of an old town, the windows of the houses reflecting the glory of the setting sun, and over the whole the peace of coming night.

A GREAT REFUSAL

1905

THE curtain went down amid a burst of clapping and loud guffaws, and the show was over. The crowd left the house in noisy confusion. Friends called jokes across the hall to each other and laughed loudly, for every one knew almost everybody else and all were out for a good time. It was seldom that a show like this came even for a night to Red Crossings.

As Oliver led his companion through the crowd and over the litter of peanut-shells and pink-lemonade glasses, he looked down at her, and the flavor of his enjoyment changed and lost its sweetness. She did not belong in a crowd like this. Of course she had never been in such a place before; she had told him so when he had asked her to go with him, and he had smiled proudly and promised to show her something very fine.

As for Oliver himself, he had always been

very much in his element on such occasions. They were his chief amusement when his duty as travelling agent forced him to make a prolonged stay in these dull little country towns. A few years before he had even belonged to a travelling company much like this one. The red-cheeked chorus girls had seemed very entrancing then, but now, as he looked at Jennie's small pale face with the dark auburn hair brushed low over her forehead, he felt a sudden disgust for them and all their kind.

In a few moments the two had separated themselves from the crowd and were walking quietly down a side street. A drowsy murmur of crickets in the bushes was the only sound, and most of the lights in the low wooden houses had gone out long ago. This evening was to be the culmination of the two weeks' acquaintanceship between Jennie and Randall Oliver, for the next morning Oliver's work at Red Crossings would be over and he would have to go to Pittsburg. Both were thinking of the past few days, when they had seen so much of each other. The girl's thoughts were centred on the man. She was thinking how different

he was from the other men she knew, how infinitely more attractive he seemed. She wondered if he cared very much for her; if he would be sorry to leave. As for herself, she was sure there never would be any other man she could care for so much.

The man's thoughts, on the other hand, were strangely confused. He kept running back over his own varied and tawdry career, remembering with something very like shame many trifling things he had done and then forgotten almost immediately. Up to this time he had fully intended to ask Jennie to run away with him and get married in Pittsburg. Her stiff-necked mother would never allow her to marry a "travelling fellow," as she termed Oliver. But now, when the moment was propitious, the words refused to come. It was not that he feared Jennie would be angry and refuse him. On the contrary, he was quite sure she cared for him and would agree to do as he said. He might reform and even settle down in this town, but the instant this thought came into his mind he knew it would be impossible, and yet, by Jove, he would not give

Jennie up! Why should he? She was far more to him than any of those other girls he had gone about with.

The conversation as they walked along was very desultory, merely a remark now and then, usually volunteered by Jennie, about the beauty of the summer night or the crowd at the show. It was with a start of surprise that Oliver saw they had reached the white gate of Jennie's home.

Jennie stepped inside and held out her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Oliver," she said, softly and doubtfully. "But, Jennie—" began Oliver, hastily, as he clasped her hand. He glanced at her as he spoke and again the very look of her silenced the words on his lips. As she stood leaning against the white gate, framed in by the great clumps of fragrant white lilacs all in bloom, with the peaceful little white house in the background, she seemed essentially a part of her surroundings. Could he wrench her away from them? And yet, how could he leave her behind? "You don't know me, Jennie," he finished, lamely. "I know you have been very good to me," she answered.

From down the street came the sound of drunken shouting. Some farmer lads were making an all-night spree of it before they went back to their work. Jennie shuddered almost unconsciously, and Oliver saw her. She would have to become used to such things, he thought. No; he wasn't much of a man, perhaps, but at least he would never ask this girl to share his life.

"Good-bye," he said, abruptly, almost harshly. "Perhaps I'll see you next year when I come back, if you haven't married some fellow 'round here before then."

He was gone into the darkness almost before he had finished speaking. A sob rose in Jennie's throat and she stood very still for a moment, holding tightly to the little white gate. Then a great loneliness fell upon her, and she fled in terror into the house.

EARLY TACT

1902

IT was the first " Fourth " we had been allowed to have fire-crackers, and we were having such a good time until we made the sad discovery. My eye just happened to light on three small holes burned in a neat row right down the front of my new dress. Instantly I turned and looked at my friend's skirt. She had some, too! I lost no time in telling her.

" I'm glad my dress isn't new," said she, " but I'm going right away to tell mamma before she sees it herself. You'd better tell, too," and away she walked with such a virtuous air.

I looked after her disconsolately. She was an only daughter and her mother probably wouldn't care, but mine—oh dear, she would tell me how very careless I always was with my clothes, which was certainly only too true, and that would be the end of fire-crackers for me. I stood irresolute on the porch and wondered

why I was always getting into trouble. Then, suddenly, I had an inspiration. My mother was in the parlor with a caller. I walked right in. The lady asked me smilingly if I was having a good time. I told her yes, until I had burned my skirt. Then I turned with an air of grave anxiety and asked my mother if it could possibly be mended all right. "Of course," she answered, indifferently; "nurse will fix it. Run out now."

And I ran out. My friend was waiting for me. I thought she looked unhappy. "I've told, and she didn't mind," said I. "Well," she said, slowly, "I don't believe it will show anyway, and so I didn't."

I laughed triumphantly as I lighted my punk again.

IT happened one day at the station when I was going away with my dress-suit case even heavier and more bulging than usual. I had seen the snowy-haired old gentleman standing near, and had noticed his kindly, old-fashioned face. But I was quite unprepared when, as the train drew up, he came and quietly possessed himself of my bag. I expostulated in vain, and he staggered up the steps with it, and put it down beside me with a deep bow. I looked at him with interest as he went away; but I had not seen the last of my old friend. Just as the train was coming into Broad Street he came up again. Brushing my objections aside with a gentle but determined smile, he held out his voluminous, big-handled umbrella for me to carry, making a little joke about the exchange. "If you'll take my gun I'll carry your knapsack." Meekly I took it, wondering faintly what my family would have said if they had seen me.

Slowly we walked through the station, my strange companion talking to me in the same gentle way he did everything else. He told me this was his way of doing good in the world. "The world is dark enough," said he, "and each one of us should do something to make it brighter, so when I meet a young lady with a bag I always carry it."

Just then a porter came up and took my bag from him, and taking his umbrella my new acquaintance departed with a sweeping bow. As I sat eating my lunch, I smiled to myself over this glimpse I had just had of the chivalry of a by-gone day which seems still to turn up unexpectedly in this modern time. And I wondered how many other girls had met the quaint old gentleman, carried his umbrella, and heard his little story.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER HOME

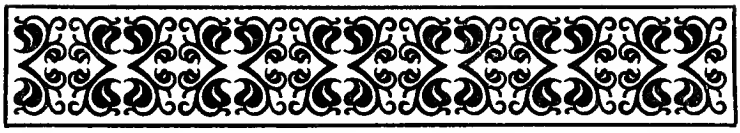
THERE is just one more girl to tell you about before I send this letter. She is an odd little thing who comes sliding silently into the room, and you never know she is there until you happen to look up and see her sitting unassumingly on the edge of a chair. Her general appearance is colorless—every-day brown hair, and rather pretty features put together in an ineffective way. But, in spite of her unobtrusiveness, you can see by the occasional flash of her eyes that she has a personality all her own. She carries out her aims and ideas in a quiet fashion, regardless of the rest of us, and seldom expresses herself in words, though in some way of her own she makes us feel her disapproval when we get particularly light-minded. It must be because I realize that there is something behind this odd quietness of hers that she interests me so; and

yet I suppose I shall never know what it is, for there is a touch of the uncanny about her that prevents one from coming to really know her.

Hoping I haven't bored you with all this description,

As ever yours,

M.



I THINK of her always as living in the low, quaintly-furnished room, dim with shaded windows and filled with the fragrance of many potted plants. A slight, tall figure in a straight gown of black silk, sitting erectly on the edge of the sofa, her smooth black hair, with hardly a streak of silver, brushed low on either side of her long, delicate, old face. And all the time you are talking, her bright dark eyes are fixed intently upon you, as she eagerly listens for news of the world outside her old green garden-gate, where she so seldom ventures. Yet by the many books and papers of the day upon her table, and her ready word on any topic, one knows she is thoroughly up to date in all subjects of the times. But she knows nothing of modern styles and inventions, and it is impossible to imagine a newfangled garden-hose or patent egg-beater within that little bit of old world surrounded by the gray garden-wall.

SUCCESS

1904

THROUGH all the ages of the world countless numbers of men and women have lived their little lives and gone into the great mysterious unknown. Yet from among them all there are few whose names are recorded in history as the names of those who have made themselves famous, who have, so to speak, succeeded. But to consider that all those who have not achieved are failures, seems to me a dreary and pessimistic view. Life at the very outset would be to us a veritable failure before we had even tried, for there are so few of us to whom even the possibility of achievement is granted. So I think that success is doing, and doing to the very best of our ability, in whatever field lies open to us. It matters not whether, when our life is over, our task is still incomplete, if only we have done what has lain in our power to do, if we have done what we could.

SPRING

1904

THE March wind blew across the fields and tossed the leafless branches back and forth against the dull sky. Everywhere grays and browns prevailed. Bare trees, bleak stretches of country, were on each side of the dusty highway. A path led across a field and down the slope to a little hollow. The gusts of wind did not reach here, no clouds of dust went whirling by, and the trees stood in peaceful rest. Through the midst of the long brown grass ran a stream. Its hurrying water had caught one gleam of sunshine that had struggled out from the gray wind clouds, and it sparkled freshly as it tumbled over the stones and into the deeper pools. Down at the water's edge a few green plants had crept from amid the dead grass and were flourishing in the sunlight. Below, close to the sandy bottom, some tiny black tadpoles swam aimlessly about. They vanished beneath a stone as a large fish

went swiftly by now and then. The sun grew brighter as we stood there on the bank and watched the tiny green plants and the sparkling water. The murmur of the wind in the trees on the hillside was growing fainter; the gray clouds were rolling away; the stirring of a new life was about us, and we were filled with a strangely joyous feeling of change and coming happiness.

PORTRAIT OF A PLACE— NEWPORT HARBOR 1903

THE sea-breeze was slowly dying away, leaving great spaces of mirror-like water here and there upon the wide harbor. The flags on the low white warships near the dark line of breakwater folded themselves about their staffs and hung limp and still. Over in the West the sun sank slowly toward the rocks and slopes of the long, low-lying island of Conanicut. It cast a soft purple tinge over the green meadows lying in between the bramble-covered hills. Across the harbor, within the breakwater, the windows of old Newport town were filled with a golden, almost fiery light. And now the last blue ripple of the breeze had died away out toward the ocean; the clouds on the Northern sky were edged with gold; a few belated boats were slowly drifting in on the tide, and from one of them the notes of a mandolin sounded soft and

clear across the water. Then suddenly the sunset gun boomed out rudely, only to disturb the evening peace for a moment before its echoes died away.

HEAT

1903

THE midday sun glared down on the country road. The branches of the trees drooped wearily, and every now and then the leaves fluttered feebly in a gust of lifeless wind that stirred up clouds of smothering brown dust, which hung motionless for a moment and then settled heavily on the road-banks. An occasional bee blundered sleepily from one dust-laden plant to another. In the field near by a lean horse huddled in the sparse shadow of an old apple-tree. One or two chickens picked their way slowly along the bank in search of something fresh and green. Only the blue-bottles kept up a continual buzzing and banging, while from over in the dark woods across the field came the drowsy hum of the locusts.

MOVEMENT

1904

THE wind came rushing in between the headlands, blowing white masses of foam over the rocks with it. For a moment it eddied around the little harbor in the midst of the sloping hills, and then rushed on again, leaving behind with each blast a wilder confusion. The waves rose up on every side, dashing and tumbling in mad disorder. They rolled high on the stony beach and left the stones and pebbles jostling over each other as they slipped back again into the hurrying masses beyond. Lobster-pots and buoys floated off from their resting-places up on the beach and were plunged into the foam and surge. In a cove beneath the headland a black fishing-boat had dragged its anchor and was pitching from wave to wave on its way toward the rocks. Loose tackle flapped uneasily against its sides, and the boom swung back and forth. Now on the top of some large wave,

now among the short uneven patches of dark gray water, a rowboat plunged along, the oars turning uselessly in the rowlocks. Two schooners out in the middle of the harbor had swung close together, and as their sides touched they shook from bow to stern. Along the shore, anxious fishermen hurried up and down, not daring to venture out in the storm to save their boats.

RESTLESSNESS

1903

THE small waves splash and foam on the edges of the great silent rocks that rise darkly against the sky. They toss the many-colored fringes of sea-weed hither and thither as they tumble down into the deep eddy. In a moment they foam up again, hurrying over and around each other, breaking in tiny, uneven crests. As they fall back once more, only the faintest ripple shows in the green depth, which sinks further and further down and away into the great incoming surge, topped with seething white, that spreads wider and wider until the whole mass hurls itself over the rocks, a crest of flying foam. Another swell and still another follows, and then falling away they leave streams of foam that slip down, leaving no crack or hollow unexplored. Only an instant's lull and the small waves begin their ceaseless splashing again, rising in short, uneven pitches of green and white.

INTERIOR—
AN ATTIC BEDROOM

1903

THE snow drifted in through the open window and lay on the bare floor in soft, uneven mounds that gleamed a chilly white in the reflection of a street-lamp, swinging uneasily on its wire just outside. The light threw long, dim reflections far back into the room, showing the dark unfinished outlines of an attic ceiling and occasional unsightly stretches of plasterless wall. The floor was clean and rough,—no reflection glimmered on it. Against the wall stood a huge old bureau, tottering awkwardly on one roller, but its top was garnished with a clean white towel, and a meagre row of photographs leaned against the edge of a tiny glass. The brush and comb were unobtrusively placed in a brown wicker basket whose lid was gone, and standing prominently in the middle was a small, white plaster image of a Saint, shining softly in the

uncertain light. Ungainly shadows in the corners betokened the presence of cast-off furniture and dusty trunks. The quiet of the room was disturbed by the clamorous ticking of a cheap clock on the wooden chair close by the low cot. Here the light shone the brightest and showed the dull blue flowers on the bed-quilt. It was drawn close around a girl who lay in the quiet sleep of an utter weariness. Her face, pale in the cold light, was turned toward the clock as if she were waiting to hear the piercing whirr of the alarm. Over by the window the mounds of snow were larger and the street-lamp grew dim as the oil burned low.

AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD

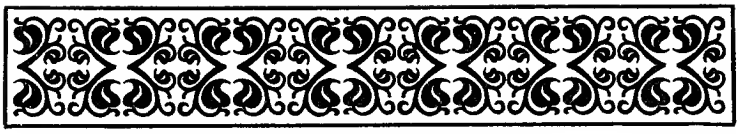
1904

LESSONS were over for the day and I ran out on the lawn by myself. It was springtime, and the sun was shining warmly on the green grass. I wandered about my favorite haunts, under the evergreen trees, and filled my pocket-handkerchief with sweet-smelling shrubs. There was nothing to disturb my happy content, not a cloud in my little sky.

Then, suddenly, the strange thing happened to me. A small hoptoad started out from the grass before me. Without taking time for a thought, I picked up a broad stone from the edge of the carriage drive and dropped it with fatal precision on the back of the harmless animal.

All the world became strangely still except for the whirling in my head. A moment I stood motionless, hardly knowing what I was

doing, and then bending down I lifted the stone back to its place. Suddenly I realized the life around me on every side. Birds sang among the tree-tops, bees and butterflies hurried through the air, tiny bugs and ants were creeping in the grass. Only the little hoptoad lay silent and I had made him so. I had taken him out of this happy, sunny life. I quickly covered him with new-mown grass and turned away, but I could not leave the place where I had done this dreadful thing; some awful fascination kept me there. Face down against the grass I lay in silent misery. Horror and wonder filled my mind, wonder at what sudden force could have impelled me to such a deed. It seemed to me then like a murder, and the horror of that time and of the days that followed when I could not forget that little animal beneath the grass, still lingers in my mind to warn me against an uncontrolled, unthinking action, to stay my hand when I would thoughtlessly take the life of even the most insignificant insect.



1904

WHEN the crickets begin their evening song in the twilight of a summer day, the little girl always slips softly out of the long window, and clinging tightly to the vine-covered rail, peers into the shadows below. There is no sound save the chirp of the crickets in the hedge and the lapping of the water against the sea-wall. One by one the lights are gleaming out in the harbor and casting quivering lines of brightness over the water. The little girl comes nearer the top of the steps and listens. Down below, a path leads around by the hedge, past "the corner" and back to the house again. Over there the crickets are very noisy. One step after another she goes down. Will "It" be in "the corner" she wonders? She has never seen "It," she does not know what "It" is, but she feels with a terrified certainty that "It" is there. Every night she must go along the path. She cannot

help it. Now the darkness is growing deeper, and with a gasp she unclasps her moist little hand from the railing and starts, slowly at first, and then faster and faster as " the corner " is near. Thick darkness, the loud chirping of the crickets close to her ears, and she is safely by. Panting and happy she sinks on the steps. " It " was there, she knows, and she has not been so very cowardly after all, but how glad she is to be back!

The crickets still chirp in the twilight of a summer day, but the old house is dark and empty and a street-lamp flares down into the inmost recesses of " the corner." Yet the little girl coming softly down the steps into the garden still seems to belong inalienably with the crickets and the twilight.

THE March wind blows gayly across the hills from Rosemont, driving clouds of dust before it and seeming to take a special delight in concentrating its whole force on the wide steps of Taylor Hall. A straggling line of wind-blown figures come climbing up them, their frosty red faces turned with eager longing to the great door, which seems almost unattainable. They bend and sway and struggle, but all to no purpose. Their clothes flutter and flaunt about them as if in pure enjoyment of the moment, and their hair flies out in long, ungraceful strands. And then for an instant the gale rests to gather up a fresh force; a hurrying gust comes flying across the campus, but too late. The straggling line has straightened up, reached the top step and vanished behind the heavy door, which slams vindictively in the face of the angry gust.

A CHILD'S DESPAIR 1904

UP in the turret tower the child stood at the window looking out over the tree-tops. His small brown face was puckered in anxious lines, and his eyes eagerly scanned the moorland road. Its narrow brown length wound away into the distance. There was no one coming. "He will be here yet," the child thought. "Father will surely come in time."

Minutes passed, and still no sign on the long brown road. The world grew dark to the child. He forgot the blueness of the sky, the flicker of the sunlight among the tree branches. His small hands clenched tightly on the window ledge, and the breeze blew back his hair.

In the hall below, a clock was striking the quarter hour. Slipping down from the window he ran to the door and listened. Jackson would soon be here and would inexorably lead him to his fate, the weekly lesson with the vicar.

It was an hour of torture to the child, to whom all study was incomprehensible, and all the world outside a fascinating mystery to be loved and, it may be, solved. Father had promised to intervene this time, and he was not here, he was not coming. The child could watch no longer, a sense of the inevitable stole over him. He climbed into a chair and waited. Down in the woods the squirrels were having races, with the wood fairies as audience; out on the eaves the pigeons were strutting about happily; and deep in the waters of the weir the tadpoles hid among the water-plants; Peter, his dog—but the child could not think of him. Now he could only think of the vicar's eyes, that stared, green and cold, through his steel-bowed spectacles.

The hour struck, and Jackson opened the door. "I am coming," the child said, calmly, and without a glance toward the window he left the room. "Father has not kept his promise; he has forgotten—forgotten." In the years to come he would look back with a half-pitying, half contemptuous smile for his agony at this moment, but now they were vital things to him,

his terror of the vicar, his father's failure to keep his word.

He walked stiffly, his head high, his hair tumbled over his eyes. The vicar's green, cold eyes gleamed at him from the dark corners of the staircase. He seemed as if moving in a great black stillness.

DULL GRAY

1904

THE sullen surge of incoming tide rose slowly, lingeringly, across the bare sand-flats, its dark line almost lost in the gathering gloom. In the background some low, irregular dunes cast even darker shadows on the beach, and behind the dreary moorland stretched away into the dimness. The misty sky above seemed almost to reach down upon the earth. No star glimmered from its dull clouds. One silent figure was standing on the shore, a fisherman in storm-stained canvas. He was dragging in his nets, limp and dripping, from the deeper water beyond, but only a crab or two scuttled away into the damp sand. The man slowly straightened himself, pulled his canvas hat over his eyes, and stumbled along through the sand. There seemed no light, no life, in the impenetrable grayness. And then he made his way around one of the higher dunes, and there shone out upon him a bright

light. A lamp was burning cheerfully in the cottage window and the door stood wide open. The old man went slowly in and, shutting the door on the outer gloom, he turned eagerly to the fire crackling on the hearth.

THOUGHTS OF A LITTLE BOY ON THE DEATH OF HIS NURSE

1901

THERE is none to give me a gentle hand,
When the awesome shadows of night fall deep,
No one to linger near by 'til I sleep,
And explain queer things I can't understand.
Oh, nurse you have gone to a distant land
Where you've often told me they never weep,
And you've left me down here alone to keep
Only the mem'ry of all we had planned.
If once again you were here in your chair,
When the fire burns dim in the gathering gloom,
There's nothing God asks me I wouldn't do;
But if you are really so happy there,
Beyond the clouds where the mountains loom,
I'll patiently wait 'til He wants me too.

THE PRINCESS WHO DID NOT MARRY AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS

1905

THE consternation was great, indeed. No one had ever dreamed of such a catastrophe, and no one had any idea what to do about it. The Queen had retired to a sanitarium, with nervous prostration, and the King had been heard to say in a moment of frantic distraction that he wished that "interfering chauffeur" had held his tongue and then the marriage could have gone off as finely as possible. Of course every one knew he didn't mean that, for he was devoted to his daughter, the unlucky Princess in question, and wouldn't have had her miserable for a moment if he could help it. As for the Princess herself, she didn't say very much, but took long rides every day in her automobile, accompanied by the chauffeur who was the cause of all the furor and, in the eyes of the Princess, her preserver.

The whole trouble came about in this way. A most debonair and fascinating Prince had come to court to make love to the Princess. He had letters of introduction from all the neighboring potentates and seemed eminently respectable. Every one agreed in thinking him just the man who would make a good husband for the Princess, who was really not at all averse to him herself.

The papers had all been signed, and the Princess had had the last fitting for her wedding-dress, when a most horrible discovery was made. The chauffeur, who ran the Princess's automobile, was a very enterprising and modern young man. He had fallen in love with the Princess, who was really quite charming, as soon as he met her. Little things such as crowns and royal blood were no obstacles to this adventurous youth, and he never even felt a moment's despair until the Prince arrived on the scene. Automobile rides were no longer in fashion, as the Prince had a most unaccountable objection to all modern inventions, and of course the Princess wouldn't go without him. The chauffeur found he was losing both his

love and his job at the same time, and determined to take some prompt and efficacious steps in the matter. A man who did not care for automobiles and refused to make life easy by using a telephone must have something wrong with him. The Princess's chauffeur thought he saw light ahead, and watched the Prince closely whenever he went off by himself.

Late one afternoon he made a most remarkable discovery. The Prince was obliged to go away for a few days, he said, and as he would go in nothing else, the family coach which had been relegated to the stable loft, was gotten down for his use. The chauffeur followed at a discreet distance in the automobile, and soon after they had left the town he saw the Prince get out of the coach, dismiss it, and start down a lane, carrying his own dress-suit case. As soon as he thought himself well out of sight he opened his bag, took out a flask, and swallowed a mouthful from it. In an instant a most wonderful transformation took place. On the very spot where the handsome Prince in a fashionable travelling ulster had been stand-

ing, towered a huge black creature in a red mantle, whose eyes were of a baleful green color. The astonished chauffeur, hiding behind a chestnut-tree, almost fainted with fright, but before he could really do anything a black cloud came sailing along, covered up the monster, and carried him off with a most peculiar whirring noise.

It was perfectly plain to this clear-sighted young man that the seeming Prince was nothing less than an ogre in disguise. Although they had all the most modern improvements imported into the kingdom, it was still a little behind the times in that one or two ogres still flourished in out-of-the-way places. Quite elated with his discovery, the chauffeur hastened back to court, and hence the terrible dismay which pervaded.

The cleverest ministers had no plan to suggest by which the ogre could be deceived, and certainly no one dared to thwart him openly. The Princess and her chauffeur were the only two calm people left. Every day they took long rides and discussed ways and means. By this time the Princess had decided that she was

in love with the chauffeur, and so she agreed to marry him if he would help her out of this very awkward dilemma. It was only a day or two before the Prince was expected to return for the wedding, and the kingdom was plunged in despair. Early in the morning the Princess started off in her automobile, with a hamper packed with a delicious lunch. She wore a pink automobile veil which completely hid her face and was ready to adopt any plan however desperate.

On this occasion they were going in search of a certain old woman who was said to be very wise. It was a long and very rough ride, but finally they found her hut, and having propitiated the old hag with some of the Princess's best necklaces, they told their story and begged for advice. After gazing at the sky in silence for a long while the woman asked them if they had noticed anything in particular about the Prince. The Princess could think of nothing beyond the fact that he was exceptionally agreeable, but the chauffeur bethought himself of his highness's strange dislike for telephones and automobiles. At this the old woman ap-

peared very much excited. "I have it," she cried; "he is afraid of electricity. That is the one thing that is fatal for him. You must get him to sit in a chair that is arranged for the purpose, and have him electrocuted."

The two conspirators at once set off with great haste and returned to the palace. They told no one of their plan, but gave orders that preparations for the wedding should proceed as if nothing were wrong. That night the chauffeur dreamed of wedding-bells and diamond crowns.

By means of a great deal of bribing and persuading the Princess got hold of the chair which was used to electrocute great criminals, and had it placed in the hall beside her father's throne. The pretended Prince returned and was more charming than ever, and everything ran smoothly. The day of the wedding came at last, and the palace was thronged with guests who waited anxiously for some denouement to take place. The chauffeur bustled around with a very important air, and every one was sure he had some fine scheme up his sleeve.

The band began to play and the Princess came slowly down the stairs, looking positively beautiful. She took the arm of the Prince, who led her to her seat and then sat down in his chair beside her. There was a strange little noise and suddenly he fell forward limply. Instantly all was confusion, and every one began rushing in all directions. The chauffeur sprang proudly up on the raised dias, ready to claim his bride, but instead of finding the Princess waiting to rush into his arms, he beheld her on her knees beside the dead Prince, weeping as if her heart would break.

"Oh, he is so beautiful, so beautiful," she sobbed; "I know he isn't an ogre at all!" And, in spite of all that any one could say, she refused to change her mind, or even to look at the unlucky chauffeur, whom she ordered to be banished.

The Prince was buried in great solemnity, and the Princess devoted the rest of her saddened existence to working in a college settlement. As for the chauffeur, he is trying to gain the hand of another Princess in a distant country where there are no ogres.

THE WINNING AND LOSING OF LUCY

1905

LUCY firmly refused to marry, and yet I had forced her to admit that there was nothing she would like to do more. One could never be sure what a girl with that wonderful shade of auburn hair would do. I was by no means hopeless, but it was hard work arguing against Lucy's deep-seated convictions. The irritating thing about them was that they were founded on nothing more than a lot of old women's tales. It was horrible to have to admit it, but Lucy was a prey to superstition. One might have thought, to hear her talk, that we had stepped back into the days of "The Fairie Queen," when some giant or two-headed beast was likely to spring out from the dark recesses of the wood. Actually when Lucy talked to me as we wandered along the woodland path, I could not refrain from peering hastily between the trees or listening breathlessly to the rustle of the leaves.

For many days we had taken a walk together along this little path just as the sun was setting. Its glow on the still surface of the pond lit up the dark green shadows of the trees and touched everything with a coloring of romance. It was not until these walks had been going on for quite a while that I dared to tell Lucy that I loved her, and asked her to marry me. She would not hear of such a thing, but nevertheless she agreed to walk with me the next day. Then she told me the whole ridiculous story and the third night she admitted that she loved me, but continued to declare that it was impossible for her to marry.

No one else in her family believed in this absurdity, and her father told me there was nothing he would like better than for me to marry Lucy and cure her of these vagaries. I was quite ready to marry her regardless of her vagaries which, after all, were distinctly a part of Lucy.

Way back in the dark ages of the history of Lucy's family there had been a lady with auburn hair who was married against her will to a man whom, in a frenzy of hatred, she tried

to poison. Thinking her mad, her family shut her up in a lonely part of the old house, and when she died shortly afterwards she left a curse in the conventional way on all the red-haired women of her family who would dare to marry the man they loved. And the tale is told of at least one lady whose auburn hair brought dire misfortune upon an apparently happy marriage. It was even said that the ghost of the original victim appeared to warn them before their marriage and to gloat over them afterwards. This was the concoction of superstition that Lucy believed as she did her Bible, and she was a very devout girl.

We still went on walking in the woods every afternoon, and we always talked of the same thing. I would begin by reasoning from every available standpoint and end by pleading. "It is absurd," I said, "for a well-educated modern woman—" and so on, indefinitely and unavailingly. Lucy said she longed for me to convince her, but she knew I never could. Sometimes we talked so long that the moon rose over the pond, and there was no sound save the mournful croaking of the frogs.

Then very suddenly Lucy changed her mind. Love, so she said, had conquered, but not convinced her. She would marry me regardless and take the consequences as they came. There never was a man as happy as I was, and I didn't give a rap of my fingers for the consequences. What could a red-haired woman who had been dead a century or so have to do with my happiness?

But, strange to say, my joy was not quite without a flaw, after all. Every night that I returned along the path after I had seen Lucy home, a strange conviction stole over me that there was some one beside myself who walked along that woodland path. Each day the conviction increased in force until it became a certainty. The unseen some one came closer and closer to me.

At last I even felt the presence when Lucy was by me. I asked her one day if she did not hear somebody moving, and she laughed and said I must have a keen imagination.

In the days that followed all doubt left my mind. After all Lucy had been right. It was the shade of the lady with the auburn hair who

was following me. Every now and then I even seemed to catch a glint of golden red against the deep green shadows. Sometimes the presence almost choked me, it came so close. Lucy made fun of me when I would start back in the path. She was wholly unconscious of anything strange. Life was fast becoming a hideous dream, and my harassed spirit went back in sympathy to those other men who had married Lucy's ancestors with the auburn hair. Still no idea of giving Lucy up occurred to me; I loved her too deeply for that, I thought.

It was the night that Lucy and her family were leaving their country place. The next day they were to go abroad, and I had been invited to join their party. Together we stood on the platform waiting for the train. The darkness of the night was heavy and hot, and the branches of the trees that grew close around the little country station hung limp and motionless. As ever the presence was clinging closely to me. I seemed to see a dim shadowy whiteness enveloping me.

"All aboard!" shouted the porter.

"Richard, Richard." It was Lucy calling

me, but I could not answer or go to her. There was a red fire before my eyes, a mist that shrouded me and pulled me back with invisible arms. Suddenly the unseen power gave way and I stood free. I saw Lucy standing on the back platform. There was a look of great fear and agony in her eyes. Had she seen? Did she know what had happened? I did not know, but she did not call or motion, she only stood and looked 'til the train vanished beyond the glare of the station light.

Very calmly I picked up my bag, and with a lightness and freeness I had not known for many a day, I walked back along the woodland path. I was quite alone; there was no one else there.

WHEN THE HOLLYHOCKS ARE BLOOMING

1903

MISS DEBBY was working among the hollyhocks. Somehow they didn't seem very thriving this year, but after all they were no worse than anything else. She looked at them and sighed. She was always sighing now; life had become so monotonous since her little romance had ended abruptly, and she hadn't realized until it was all over how much it had meant to her. Why, she used to come out into the garden and dream and plan about it by the hour! And Mr. John was so changed, too. He was more silent and reserved than ever before, and he kept running off to the city whenever he could get away from the school. That dreadful, wicked city, and Miss Debby shuddered as she thought of it. To-day she was going over everything as she pottered about among her favorite flowers, and the sight of the buds just beginning to

struggle out seemed to inspire her with a spirit and hope she hadn't had all winter.

" Here the hollyhocks are almost blooming again and it's time you did something, Deborah Parsons," she said, decidedly, " instead of just standing by and letting things slide along. That's no way to get anything you want in this world."

The only thing to do was to put her pride in her pocket, summon up all her courage, and go and see that silly, obstinate girl. Well, for the sake of her cherished romance and Mr. John she would do it. And when Miss Debby made up her mind it didn't take her long to act. In fifteen minutes she was rustling stiffly down the path in her new black silk. As she went by she gave one glance at the hollyhocks straggling over the fence, to keep up her courage. One especially large bud caught her eye. " Maybe it'll do some good," she thought, and reached over and picked it.

Rachel was working in the garden that afternoon and Miss Debby stopped to watch her a moment. " My, she does look sort of like a queen, and just that same blue dress

she's been wearing all spring; but come now, I must go right ahead and speak to her. How-do-you-do, Rachel? Planting hollyhocks?" she went on aloud, and trembled at her own boldness.

Rachel started in surprise, and then came forward with a cool, polite smile.

"You're not a bit glad to see me," said Miss Debby, plunging right in, not daring to give Rachel a chance to speak, "and you needn't say so, for I've just come to speak my mind. I'm getting to be an old woman and I know something of life even if I have never been in a city. And I just tell you this, Rachel Ellicot, you're making a big mistake. You're just so sure because Mr. John doesn't tell tales on someone else that he's done something mean, and if there's any one that wouldn't do a mean thing it's that man. You're looking sort of peaked, aren't you? Well, I guess life's sort of dull here nowadays," she went on, with sudden change of tactics. "And most likely it'll just go on this way for years, too," maliciously, "all because you're that dead set in your own way when you know nothing about it!"

Rachel had listened, apparently quiet and unmoved, during this tirade, and Miss Debby's courage was fast ebbing away. Just at this moment a most opportune thing happened, which gave her a chance for an honorable retreat. Mrs. Peterson, the postmaster's wife and the most virulent gossip in town, was approaching.

" If Amanda Peterson sees me there'll be a nice to-do and every tongue in this town will be wagging at both ends," she decided, rapidly. " There," thrusting the hollyhock into Rachel's hand, " I guess you know what I gave you that for, and if you come down a bit before its blooming, then I'll know you have some sense, after all."

With this parting shot she gathered up her skirts and vanished out the back gate before Rachel had a chance to speak. Indeed she hardly had time to turn before Mrs. Peterson came hurrying up, panting and peering around every corner.

" Oh, good afternoon, Rachel," said she, " I just brought up a letter that came for you this morning. I thought perhaps you

wouldn't be down street to-day, and I was coming along this way, anyhow. It's from the city, too; Bob, I suppose? By the way, wasn't that Debby Parsons here just now? I've been wanting to speak to her for several days."

"Thank you for the letter, Mrs. Peterson," said Rachel, slipping it in her pocket. "A neighbor just stopped in for a chat with me," she ended, coolly, as she picked up her watering-pot.

Mrs. Peterson turned away, discontentedly, but she didn't dare presume on Rachel. "All the same, I'll swear it was Debby Parsons," she muttered, "and something must be up when she goes to see that girl. Well, I'll soon get on, for there's precious little going on in this town that Mandy Peterson doesn't know," which was only too true.

Rachel waited until Mrs. Peterson turned down the next street and then she hurried into the house, looking at the letter curiously. It was from Bob, and a big, thick one, too. He had only sent her two mere scrawls before in all this long year. When she was safely in the house she tore it open hastily and began to

read. All about how he wanted to see her, and know how she was,—but what was this? "Going to tell you everything . . . . a forgery . . . . Huntington promised not to tell . . . . stood by me like a brick . . . . pretty rough life in the city, but Huntington had come and looked me up time and again. . . . . Going to do better now and wanted you to know. . . . . Hope some day to have a nice home for you, but not in that slow town. . . . . Will write soon again . . . ."

Rachel drew her hand across her eyes. Everything was whirling around her and her little world seemed topsy-turvy. Somehow her brother's sins didn't trouble her so much, but her righteous indignation against the man she thought had ruined him. What was it? What must he think of her? Probably he would never care to speak to her again. What were the last words he had said to her? "Perhaps there will be a time when you will realize your mistake. It will be you then who must come to me."

Yes, that time had come, but it would be hard, hard. How could she do it, humble her-

self so? Her glance fell on Miss Debby's bud lying wilting on the floor where it had slipped from her hand.

"Yes, Miss Debby," she said aloud, with sudden resolution, "when the hollyhocks are blooming you will know I have some sense, after all!"

It was in the dusk of a June day. Miss Debby stood on her doorstep, trying to enjoy the beautiful evening. She was feeling lonely and sad. Mr. John was working hard in the stuffy little sitting-room, and he looked so pale and tired. She had not got over the disappointment of her visit to Rachel, and even the fact that her hollyhocks were coming out beautifully, after all, failed to cheer her.

"I do believe I'd even be glad to see Amanda Peterson," she sighed. "There comes somebody, now."

She peered into the growing darkness. No, it couldn't possibly be—yes, it was, too—and carrying a big gay hollyhock in her hand! Miss Debby rushed into the house. "She's coming, Mr. John, she's coming!" she almost shouted, and then Rachel came right in

through the open door. "Looking not a bit like a queen any more, but somehow real sweet," as Miss Debby described her afterwards.

"Miss Debby, you see I've come to my senses," said she, holding out to her the beautiful opened flower, "and may Mr. Huntington show me your hollyhocks?"

They went out together through the long window and Miss Debby softly closed it after them and turned away. She felt wholly happy now, and lowering the lamp she sank down in her chair, rocking slowly to and fro and lovingly fingering the hollyhock. Her little romance was going to end as she had planned, and—"Sorry we can't stop, but we're just going in for a chat with Debby." It was Amanda's penetrating voice coming down the street! Miss Debby's heart almost stopped beating. No, that woman should not come in and pry around and spoil this one perfect evening. She would stoop to any deceit to stop her, and pray for forgiveness afterwards. It seemed to take but an instant to lock the front door, run upstairs, and tie on her night-

cap. Mrs. Peterson and her friend knocked and in a minute Miss Debby thrust her head out of her bedroom window.

" I'm awfully sorry, Mandy," she quavered, " but I'm pretty bad with neuralgia and there's no one else at home."

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

1905

ON one mountain top, so to speak, the men of the past have placed Literature, and on an opposite one others equally ardent are striving, more or less successfully, to place Science. Is there no valley in between into which they may descend and meet together, suffusing the world with the combined radiance which the higher qualities of Literature may give to the facts of Science? Surely they are not so self-sufficing that they can exist separately with unimpaired force. Literature, taking the word in its broadest sense, lights up Science as religion lights up morality, giving it a fulness of purpose which it would not otherwise have. It fills it with meaning and emotion for the widening and deepening of our mental growth, and connects it, as Arnold says, with our sense for conduct and beauty.

Science in its turn has a place, but it is rather an unobtrusive place. Literature is like the flowering plant which every one sees and enjoys, while nobody gives a thought to the pot which holds it. Science has made a setting for Literature, and has paved the way for its growth. It is the power which makes the life of the world run smoothly, and as such should receive due recognition and gratitude. If all men went around continually dreaming and idealizing, this world would be a most harassing place to live in. On the other hand, it is equally true that there are very few for whom Science is the one and probably the best absorbing passion, which is sufficient to fill out and complete their lives as they were intended to be filled out and completed. The exclusive study of facts and formulæ would soon convert the minds and hearts of most men into crowded store-rooms piled full of all sorts of things, where the sun can scarcely struggle through the windows.

Since, therefore, there are but few men who may live satisfactorily in a state of mind given over completely to one extreme or the other,

there is the great majority who are to be more or less formed and directed by their education. We do not want the world full of men and women whose knowledge is encyclopediac, who live merely by and for facts. But there is plenty of room for Science in a normal scheme of education. It is needed for training the mind to become more acute, more logical in thought, more observant, and in all this it is rendering to Literature an invaluable service. There is no essential need that all the methods of Science should be studied at length by every one, but rather that, once again, it should assume the unobtrusive but vital position of the means to an all-important end.

To Literature, then, should be given the predominant place. It takes and combines the facts of Science and revivifies the world with its touch. The minds and hearts of those who study it are renewed, enlarged, and invigorated. There is all of emotion and feeling and life in it. With it are found the things which are to make life worth the living, and which are to fit men and women to live this life worthily.

It is said that we owe our civilization to Sci-

ence, but certainly this is not true. We might have all the appliances and advantages which Science can give, but of what avail would this be without Literature? There might be a civilization of the body, but there would be none of the spirit. The finer flowering and beauty of life would not be. If Science and Literature cannot exist in unity, let Science go. But, to return to the valley that lies between the mountains, there surely a happy combination may be accomplished in which the merits of Science shall be justly recorded, and yet it shall occupy a less noticeable position in forming an harmonious whole. Science shall present the foundations and supports for Literature, which in its turn shall exalt the whole by its emotion and living light.

IMITATION OF BACON: OF THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

THE spirit of youth is a rare plant, and surely it should rather be cultivated tenderly than blighted by neglect and repression. It is a necessity to the young, a grace to old age. Youth without the true spirit of youth is old age before its time; old age without this spirit of youth is like a shrivelled apple, it may be cast away. *Cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur velis vivere.* But since old age is inevitable, it is better it should be dressed with every charm than left to its own dreariness. I do not understand it, that this spirit implies a frivolous giddiness, which is at all times unsuitable. Turning old age into a second youth is a childish foolishness, but the keeping of a certain youthful freshness is an excellent virtue. Let us not be overcome by the weight of many years, but let it slide from our backs as do drops of rain. The men who

best surmount the difficulties of life are those who keep that enthusiasm and ardor which usually appertain to youth. They look out on the world as on some marvellous picture, and still perceive its beauty and its many delights. They take pleasure in small and simple matters, and like well to carry on many schemes and plans, lingering not in idleness. I mean not that old age should be ever so busy as youth, but rather if this spirit is cherished the desire will still be there to keep to some degree in the midst of affairs and to take an active enjoyment in them. It may well be there are many who have no agreement with this matter. They prefer each season in its own time and care not for *ver perpetuum*. It is but a crabbed old age which awaits them, for assuredly much of the charm of the parting seasons of the year is to be found in the brilliancy of the coloring and the bracing vigor of the atmosphere.